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For the second greatest quantity, 10s.

For the third greatest do. 5s.

To the person returning the greatest quantity in weight, of woollen yarn, in a dry and sound state, £1.

For the second greatest quantity, 15s.

For the third greatest do. 10s.

To the person who has received from the house, the greatest sum for knitting, £1.

For the second greatest sum, 15s.

For the third do. 10s.

These premiums when awarded shall invariably be lodged with the visitors of the district, in which the person so obtaining resides, who shall be instructed to expend the same in necessary articles of cloaths, bedding, &c. for their use.

Of the apprehending of Vagrants.

A sufficient number of constables shall be appointed by the committee of the poor-house, according to the form directed by the act of parliament to apprehend vagrants, under the direction of the committee of the house of industry.

An office shall be opened at a central part of the town, where a sufficient number of these licensed constables shall be in constant waiting from

in the morning, to
at night, in readiness to
act when called on by a member of the committee.

When any member of the committee shall observe any vagrant begging, he shall immediately leave at the office a written order, describing the person he wished to have apprehended; and the constable in waiting shall immediately proceed to seize the person so described, and when identified by the person issuing the order, shall lodge him or her in the poor-house or house of correction; and in doing so, they shall take with them the order for the arrest, which shall be considered sufficient authority to the gate-keeper and steward of the poor-house, for the admission of the person apprehended.*

* In case any of the constables shall be assaulted in the execution of their duty, he shall make a report of it to the committee at their next weekly meeting, and proper steps shall immediately be taken to punish the offenders.

These orders thus issued shall be laid before the committee at their weekly meeting, together with a report of the manner in which they have been executed; and in case any of the persons described in them, be not lodged in the poor-house, or house of correction, the constable shall be subject to the penalty of

for every such omission, unless he can give a satisfactory reason for it to the committee.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SAINCLAIR,

Continued from p. 88, No. XIX.

SHE had already had the glory of exhibiting some pictures in the rooms at the Louvre, through the influence of a celebrated painter (for at that time this honour was granted to amateurs with difficulty) Sainclair was not ignorant of this: he knew also, that Clotilda was labouring with ardour for the next exhibition, which was to take place in a month. Duval who did not partake of Sainclair's enthusiasm for Clotilda, openly combated his inclination. "So," said he, "at last, notwithstanding your vow, you are going to espouse a woman of celebrity." "I am not quite decided yet; but remember it is not the arts I hate: what displeases me is the importance amateurs attach to trifling successes, and to inferior talents: it is that unbridled self love, which so entirely changes the feeling female soul, as to make it capable of sacrificing its dearest affections." "Do you think Clotilda, is free from this vanity?" "It has not hardened her heart however; she can love. Painting is only her amusement. If vanity has not turned her head, it must be from humility then, that she exhibits publicly her pictures, beside those of the greatest masters." "No; she follows through a kind of indolence, a ridiculous example, which is but too common at this time; as to any thing else, my sentiments for her, have not in the least changed my notions with respect to amateurs; my opinions on that head are as severe as ever. It is asserted that amateurs should meet with more indulgence, than professed artists; be

it so, when in company, complaisance alone obliges them to an exhibition of their talents; but when they voluntarily exhibit in public, it is natural to judge more severely of them, than of artists. The second, and even the third rank is a place of honour. An artist of the middle rank may be very much esteemed; he does not show himself in public from presumption; it is an obligation on him, which constitutes his situation, which makes his existence. But the amateur, who produces himself, if he be not justified by the first rate talents, takes an inconsiderate step which almost always proves a ridiculous vanity. Besides, how can I feel a wish to criticise with severity, the picture of an artist; I know he cannot sell it at a high price; justice is done to him then: but the amateur, who does not sell his productions, cannot gain any information from the offers of purchasers; and when I see him in a public exhibition, place his picture between those of Guerin and Gerard, I feel strongly tempted to ridicule him; while, if I had found this same work in his own cabinet, or that of a friend, I would have praised it with pleasure." "Let us add, that your amateur painters of high pretensions are always under suspicion of obtaining a little help in their labours." "Clotilda is incapable of such deceit." "Every one does not judge so favourably of her." "She is too handsome and too amiable not to excite envy." "You will marry her, I am convinced." "But; I wish to reflect on the matter yet, and in the case of Albina, I did not hesitate." "Oh! how much better she would have suited you." "I feel it but too deeply, and it was to disengage myself from so dangerous a recollection, that I wish to form another engagement." "But you ought to make a good choice." "At least I promise you, not to do any thing in a hurry."

Some short time after this conversation, Sainclair heard late at night, that Clotilda's sister had just expired. Clotilda, having remained in her usual security, could not, as had been foreseen, receive her last sigh: she was in the country, six leagues from

Paris; the messenger sent by the dying person, arrived at the time, when Clotilda was acting in a private play.

The mistress of the house, to prevent disturbing the pleasures of the party, not only took good care, that the performance should not be interrupted by informing Clotilda, that her sister was in the last agonies; but resolved to keep the arrival of the messenger unknown till the next morning.

Thus Clotilda did not see the person who came to hasten her return, until fourteen or fifteen hours after her sister's death. These things were circumstantially told to Sainclair, and it was added that Clotilda had given herself up to the most violent despair. This account moved Sainclair very much. It was too late to go and make any inquiries about the inconsolable Clotilda; and an affair of the greatest consequence was, the next day to employ Sainclair's whole morning.

Before he went to bed, he wrote to Clotilda, to inform her, that he was compelled to leave home very early the next morning, and to spend almost the whole day at St. Germain's; he therefore could not present himself at her house before nine in the evening. The next morning however he received a note, which freed him from the obligation of going to St. Germain's, and consequently left him to dispose of his day as he pleased. At ten in the morning therefore, he hastened to Clotilda's, without any previous notice. Clotilda, believing she should not see him till evening, had not in the least expected him; but she had put him on her list;—so he was immediately admitted. He was detained some minutes in the with-drawing room; after which a servant maid led him into Clotilda's chamber, where he found her lying on a couch. He was touched to the bottom of his soul, on seeing her with her hair dishevelled, pale (for she was not rouged) spiritless, one hand holding a smelling bottle, and the other holding a handkerchief to her eyes, her immoveable attitude, the disorder of her dress, her groans and sobs, caused in him an inexpressible trouble; he stood speechless for some instants; and when he could speak, Clotilda

must have conceived from the great alteration in his voice, how deeply he was affected.

Her plaintive accents became so heart rending, that the kind hearted Sainclair was melted into tears; but it was with terror he perceived, that Clotilda did not shed a single tear: he was not ignorant how dangerous *tearless grief* is, and he attributed the suffocation, she seemed to labour under, to this impossibility of weeping: he in vain conjured her to take some drops. "Ah!" cried Clotilda, "there is no remedy for such sorrow! I have been in the situation you see, from the moment I learned my misfortune; it is a thunder stroke which has thrown me to the ground; I need not wail; I know not if I suffer;—I am annihilated; all my faculties are extinguished; I no longer exist! ah! leave me in this happy stupor, you cannot draw me out of it without hurling me headlong into the most violent despair."

At these words Sainclair, penetrated with tenderness and love, threw himself on his knees, and seized one of Clotilda's hands. In doing this he stirred a small table, which happened to be near the couch, and a pallet full of colours fell on her feet. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, a pallet which beyond a doubt I must have placed there some days ago; a pallet! for pity's sake hide that odious object from me; it kills me." "How? a pallet?" "well a pallet! ah! it was she taught me to paint, and I passionately loved the art, only because I owed this talent to her." "Adorable Clotilda!" "Now the sight of an ousel, or a pallet recal such mournful recollections; but henceforth I will paint no more, I could not hold the pencil and live; alas! I had finished the picture she wished me to exhibit at the rooms, in about a fortnight—I owe this respect to her memory; but what interest can I take in any success it may have: she will no longer be there to enjoy it."

These words wrought Sainclair's enthusiasm to its height: he took the fatal pallet with the design of going to hide it in the neighbouring room; but unhappily he had the awkwardness

to let it fall on the knees and under the eyes of Clotilda. "Ah!" said she in a languishing voice, "how you distress me! I told you, I could not support this sight—it was here in this room, in this very spot that she saw me painting, that she gave me my pencils—it was she ground my colours; her hand put them on this pallet—ah Sainclair!"—

Here Clotilda fainted; Sainclair bewildered, sprang to the bell to call for help. A moment after the door opens, and what was Sainclair's surprise, when he saw Clotilda's page, a boy of about eight years old, run in, dressed as a Zephyr, he was in appropriate drapery; he had wings, and held a basket full of flowers.—On entering the room, he proceeded to place himself in attitude, saying, "do you wish, ma'am to resume your sitting?" "How," cried Sainclair, quite astonished, "what do you mean?" "Why sir," replied the boy, "Madame was painting this morning. I am the model, and I thought she wanted to finish her sitting, that was not quite completed, for when she sent me away, she told me not to undress myself: Ma'amselle Justine, had just come down; I was in her room, and on hearing Madame's bell I came." The little zephyr might have spoken for a much longer time, without interruption: Sainclair was little inclined thereto; astonishment and indignation had left him without motion: he was standing, and placed so as to hide Clotilda from the boy; he listened to him, and looked at him, preserving a melancholy silence!—Clotilda with her eyes shut, lying on the couch, was in a situation not less painful; *the swoon* did not give her an opportunity of cutting the imprudent Zephyr short in his narration, and dismissing him, while she might invent some plausible fiction: in the state, she assumed "stratagem, imagination, presence of mind, all the resources of artifice and genius were become completely useless. She was obliged to hear this terrible dialogue, without uttering a word, or daring to show the slightest mark of impatience, even flight was impossible.—Sainclair might well suppose, that she had feigned a swoon; but he

could believe that this unexpected scene had given reality to the fit, that had been acted at first.

In fine, remaining in this attitude, she was dispensed with, as to answering, and in this depth of humiliation, in this mortal embarrassment, it was something. After two or three minutes, Sainclair resumes—"what, did Madame paint this morning?"—"There," answered the boy; "there is the pallet yet before you on the table." "She *did* paint with this pallet!" "She did indeed, and she has two of them, Mr. G—— has the other." "G—— the painter?" "Precisely." "To work at Madame's picture, Pd wager?" "Oh! I do not know." The little fellow pronounced this falsehood with embarrassment. "My friend," said Sainclair, "tell me the truth; Madame is asleep; she will not hear us:"—"Is she asleep?" "Deep—hold, look now:" "Ah! she is so, that is because she was up so early this morning." "Well now do not tell me a lie, does not Mr. G—— retouch your mistress's pictures? you may confess, your mistress hides nothing from me, she has so much candour: that if I asked her this question, she would answer me directly." "It is true," replied the boy, "Mr. G—— both begins and ends all Madame's pictures." At these words Clotilda could not hinder herself from making a motion, which frightened the boy exceedingly. "Ah heavens! Madame is awaking." "No, no," replied Sainclair, "it is only an unpleasant dream she has: but tell me yet, have you learned in confidence, what you have just told me?" "Oh! not at all: Madame believes, I do not know it; however I have seen it a thousand times. At this moment Mr. G—— is shut up in the little gallery and is all alone working at the picture." "Hark ye, if your mistress should happen to be displeased with you, when she awakes, and that she turns you off, you have only to come to me in Provence-street, at the *Chausée d'Anten*; I will take care of you and apprentice you somewhere."—"Oh! I had rather do that, than be performing Zephyrs and Cupids. It is so wearisome to be standing for

three hours, with one's arm held up: it is summer yet; but last winter, Madame gave me a terrible cough" "how so?" Because she made me remain entire mornings almost completely naked, from ten in the morning, till two in the afternoon, my only dress was an ell of gauze, and a garland of flowers—I was frozen." "It can not be love, that keeps you in this service then?" "no truly sir, I can assure you it is a severe fatigue." "Go and rest yourself in the anti chamber; I shall speak to you again when I am going away." The little Zephyr went out running, and Sainclair, turning towards Clotilda, found her in the same attitude, still without motion, and with her eyes shut.

How divested of beauty she appeared to him now! With folded arms he contemplated her coldly for some instants; then breaking silence, "why madam," said he to her in a chill tone of voice, "why lose in inaction a time so precious, every moment of which ought to be consecrated to glory? learn to triumph over the grief, which overwhelms you; go find Mr. G. again, in order to finish the picture, which is to appear in a fortnight. You promised your departed sister to give it to the admiration of the public, *you owe this respect to her memory*—Take courage then, and resume this pallet, the colours of which were ground by a beloved hand; the mere sight of it has caused you to swoon; yet you have had the strength to use it; I expect this noble effort from you a second time—Do you think, by remaining silent and motionless, to persuade me, that you do not hear? you have just been pale, and now I see you redden; you answer me in spite of yourself!—Ah, if the most odious falsehood produced by an unbounded vanity, can be corrected, come out of this horrible abasement; cease to sport with the most natural and most sacred feelings, in order to give a transient celebrity to inferior productions—productions, which are not even your own. Renounce ridiculous pretensions, and do not, to the misfortune of an unfeeling heart, add

the voluntary crime of the most inconceivable hypocrisy. Farewell, madam, be at ease about the consequences of this adventure. I promise you—if not forgetfulness, secrecy at least.”

At these words Sainclair delivered the wretched Clotilda from the most insupportable constraint and strangest confusion that ever a defeated and disappointed coquette experienced. He went out, and finding the little foot-boy in the antichamber still dressed, as Zephyr, he took him by the hand, and putting him into the carriage, brought him away: for he was justly apprehensive, that Clotilda, incensed by his indiscretion, would dismiss him her service.

Sainclair, after his transition so suddenly from admiration and love, to the coldest contempt, yet regretted the illusion he had lost, and was some time without wishing to hear marriage spoken of; at length, one of his relations proposed a young lady, who was rich, of an illustrious family, and had been reared in retirement by virtuous parents; and Sainclair, having ascertained, that she had no celebrity, permitted his friends to make some advances. These first negotiations were so successful, that the conversation soon turned on appointing some day for an interview; the day being fixed, Sainclair suffered himself to be led to the house of a counsellor of parliament, uncle and guardian to the young lady. He entered a beautiful room, advanced, and saw in the recess of the fire place, a little, dry, brown, sharp, ill-formed figure, whose deformity was rendered still more remarkable by the brilliancy of her dress. She had, depending low on her forehead, a diadem of large white cameos; her neck, which was excessively thin, was overcharged with collars, and gold chains, to which was suspended a great number of agate hearts and pebbles, purchased at Meller's, and worn with vanity, as ingenious and flattering emblems; her robe of a soft, transparent texture, and ornamented with gold fringe, accurately gave the outline of the most unfortunate shapes, and most irregular form: a large bouquet, composed of

roses, completed the elegance of this Grecian costume.

This youthful beauty, whose innocence nothing could disturb, received Sainclair not only without embarrassment, but with a little brisk air, which confounded him; she even became in a short time very lively and alluring; as her uncle, to enhance her value, had praised her gaiety very highly, she gave herself up to a thousand childish follies, which completely froze poor Sainclair. She was only sixteen years old; but childishness of manner is almost as ridiculous in young females, disgraced by nature, as in superannuated women; want of beauty should be replaced by reason and steadiness, and when youth is devoid of its freshness, and graces, all the qualities of a ripe age are expected from it. Sainclair shortened his visit, and, as he went, bethought himself of the prediction of his friend Duval.

In a short time after this first interview, Sainclair departed for——, where his regiment was in garrison. He hoped, that in a small provincial town, eighty leagues from Paris, he should at last find an amiable, unassuming woman; but on his arrival at——, he learned, that a small academy had been just established: this appeared an ill omen. In effect, he found there the same literary rage with fewer graces: for want of masters, they had not the mania for the arts; but all the males of the society were, according to their respective genius, poets, mineralogists, naturalists, economists, politicians, and almost all the females authors. It was soon reported in the town, that Sainclair was in search of a wife; and that he would not have either a wit, a learned woman, or an artist. This mode of thinking appeared the more strange, as this supposed dislike of the arts was very much exaggerated: but as Sainclair was amiable and rich, the only thought was, how to take advantage of so strange a mania. All at once, the young ladies, who had not yet conversed with Sainclair, exhibited the most surprising change; their sole employment was to conceal their wit and learning; they became all

at once quite modest; they passed suddenly from pedantry to the most marked affectation of ignorance and simplicity. Sainclair, who had been repelled by the pretensions of the females, he met at first in the society, was yet more so by the silliness of these latter. However he distinguished one of them, who was prettier than the others, and appeared to have much unaffected wit: he conversed with her; and the young lady, who was in reality a sprightly girl, was the more amiable, as she had no desire of shining: she perceived, he was pleased; and, in order to completely secure her conquest, she hastened to declare, that she detested music, the arts, poetry, and reading. This singular declaration announced so unhappy an organization, or so ridiculous a system, that it completely chilled Sainclair; he answered dryly, became absent, and soon heard her no more.

Sainclair quitted this province without having formed any engagement: he left behind him the character of the most fanciful and most inconsistent man in the world. On arriving in Paris he heard a piece of news, which transported him with joy. The marriage of Albina had been broken off. This Albina, for whom he had had so tender a feeling, the modest, the charming Albina was free. Sainclair flies to Count de Montclair's, and requests the hand of the only person, he could love. The Count received him very kindly, and even gave him to understand, that he had had some part in the dislike Albina had shown for the match, which had been just broken off. But, pursued he, smiling, you pass for a very singular person; it is pretended, that you do not wish for a wife, who possesses any talents; and I must not deceive you, Albina possesses many—"What is it you tell me?" "Is even so, Albina draws well; she has a good voice, and sings very agreeably; she has great execution on the piano forte, is mistress of English and Italian, and is fond of literature, and the arts; you see, I conceal nothing; when so solemn an engagement is

under consideration, nothing should be hidden. "What," exclaimed Sainclair, "Albina possesses all these talents, and the world never has spoken of them!"—She has cultivated them without any pretensions; they were practised merely as relaxations from more useful occupations. "Ah, it is thus they give a woman, all the charm she can have; it is thus, that, joined to a touching modesty, they embellish youth and the graces; they spread over the whole of life the sweetest enchantment. Come, come, replied Count de Montclair, laughing; I see, you are not so whimsical, as I supposed. With these words he conducted the happy Sainclair to the feet of the amiable Albina; the final words were mutually given, and every thing irrevocably fixed the same evening. The only object now was to obtain the consent of Baron D'Elback, Sainclair's uncle and guardian, and fortunately he had just arrived at Paris with his daughter Clementina, and Versillac his son-in-law. An important affair brought to Paris this learned family, which existed but for glory. Versillac had written a poem, which was set to music by his wife; as this poem was destined for the press, and was historical, the Baron had composed a preliminary discourse full of erudition and the praises of the young poet, which was to be placed at the head of the work. The opera was received, rehearsed, and to be performed, when Sainclair asked and obtained from his uncle the consent, he solicited. Clementina did not see without emotion her cousin, whom she had loved, become the possessor of a large fortune, which assured to him the power of living at Paris, that brilliant theatre for superior talents. She consoled herself by thinking, that however the lady, Sainclair was going to espouse, was only of high birth, and that she had no celebrity; in fine she imagined it would be impossible Sainclair should not experience as much vexation as regret, when he should see the brilliant success of an opera, the words and music of which all her relations and friends considered as perfect master-pieces. The marriage

of Sainclair and Albina was celebrated three days before the first representation of the opera. On the arrival of this grand day, Sainclair, his youthful wife and the Count de Montclair went to the box, which the authors had appointed for them. Sainclair had some unpleasant forebodings, which the event but too well justified. The words were unanimously considered ridiculous, and the music detestable: there was the most pitiless hooting and hissing, which could not have proceeded merely from envy; the work was not suffered to be concluded. This event had a most melancholy influence on Versillac and Clementina through the remainder of their lives. They were both victims, not of the arts, but of the most foolish pretensions, and an unbridled desire of celebrity. After so many brilliant hopes, they were obliged to return to their province with the overwhelming disgrace of a complete, indisputable fall. Vexation and chagrin entirely overturned their union: they had associated for glory only, and would not mutually share the humiliation of their reverse, each strove to throw the blame on the other. Clementina maintained, that the words had caused the ruin of her music; Versillac declared, that with a good composer his words would have been raised to the skies. The Baron, discontented at the loss of his learned preliminary discourse, loudly took his daughter's part. Thus this unhappy conjugal work became a frightful subject of contention. Things came to such a height, that they were obliged to have recourse to the most melancholy extremes; they separated, never to join again.

Albina's lot was far different: she knew how to place her glory on those things only, which depended on her own will, conduct, and feelings, public esteem, the union of her family, and the tenderness of her husband. She tasted, to the end of her life, all the happiness, which can result from a legitimate attachment, reason, peace, and the esteem of the world; and Sainclair, after having been, in his early youth, the victim of the talents, and arts, became the happiest of husbands and fathers.

To a Proprietor of the Belfast Magazine.

IN reading your Magazine for February last, my attention was particularly engaged by the title of a paper signed S.E.

The subject I conceived a most useful one, as however valuable the acquisition of knowledge may be, there are not a few who consider it dear bought, from the contamination of morals which is often produced, by an unguarded and youthful mind coming into contact with vice clad in every alluring garb, which too frequently occurs where large numbers meet for education. The general tenor of the paper I refer to is good, and it might have passed me unnoticed, had not a paragraph, alluding to a youthful Bard made me regret that some friend was not at your elbow while you nodded in your elbow chair; for sure I am that if you had been awake, such an ill-natured piece of sarcasm could never have defied the pages of your Magazine; you may not be acquainted with the person there alluded to, but hundreds could not mistake it, and many, no doubt, are so wanting in the feelings of benevolence as to turn that paragraph into a weapon of ridicule sufficiently sharp to wound the rising merits of a young man whose future prospects depend altogether at present on public opinion. The profits from a small volume of poems, published some time ago, has assisted the Bard to enter himself at college, and I hear that he has published another selection which the readers of his former volume will see with pleasure. In the picturing of simple scenes and manners, the Bard of Erin excels many whose names are higher on the list of fame, and the moral tendency of his pieces make them acceptable, as they may exclude some of those contemptible and licentious ballads, which owing to the high price of paper are the only literary productions within the reach of the lower orders of society. But, sir, I am afraid my feelings have carried me too far; I only have room now to request, that personal vices, not personal defects, may i